

Mr Inayson

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 49—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL. THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

CONDUCTOR - - MR. BARNBY.

PROSPECTUS OF THE THIRD SEASON, 1871.

THE DIRECTORS of THE ORATORIO CONCERTS beg to announce that a Series of SIX SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS will be given during the ensuing Season, commencing on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 15th FEBRUARY, 1871, with BACH'S Oratorio,

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AND
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DR. FERDINAND HILLER'S NALA AND
DAMAYANTI,

Conducted by the Composer.

HANDEL'S ISRAEL IN EGYPT,

With Additional Accompaniments by G. A. MACFARREN.

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"LET GOD ARISE,"

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And a new Sacred Composition by

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The following Artists will appear during the Season:—

Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Miss EDITH WYNNE, and
Madame RUDERSDORFF; Madame PATEY, and Miss JULIA ELTON;
Mr. SIMS REEVES,

Mr. CUMMINGS, and Mr. RAYNHAM; Herr STOCKHAUSEN,
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Organist—Mr. F. A. W. DOCKER.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).
First SATURDAY CONCERT of Second Series.—Mdlle. Corant, Herr Stockhausen. Solo Violin, Madame Norman Neruda. Schubert's Symphony B Minor (unfinished); Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; Overtures, "Medea" and "William Tell." Conductor Mr. MANNA. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets. Transferable stalls for the 14 concerts 1 guinea. Stalls for this concert 2s. 6d.

THE ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA COMPANY
(LIMITED),

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.

SEASON 1871.

MONDAY, JANUARY 23,

The New Opera,

"ALI BABA"

(THE FORTY THIEVES.)

The Libretto by EMILIO TADDEI. The English Translation by Mr. C. L. KENNEY.
The New Scenery by Mr. ROBERTS.

The Music composed expressly for the Italian Opera Buffa Company (Limited),
by Signor BOTTESINI.

Nadir	Signor PICCIOLI.	Calaf	Signor FALLAR.
Ali Baba	" BORELLA.	Thamar	" SENECA.
Aboul Hassan	" ROCCA.	Faor	" PONTI.
Orsacane	" TORELLI.	Morgiana	Mdlle. FAULLO.

AND

Delia	Mdlle. CALISTO.
Conductor	Signor MATTEI.

TUESDAY, JAN. 24,

RICCI'S OPERA

"CRISPINO E LA COMARE."

(Seventh appearance of Mdlle. COLOMBO.)

Annetta	Mdlle. COLOMBO.	Fabrigio	Signor TORELLI.
Contino	Signor FABBRI.	Mirabolano	" FALLAR.

AND

Crispino	Signor RISTORI.
Conductor	Signor TITO MATTEI.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25,

The New Opera,

"ALI BABA."

(THE FORTY THIEVES.)

The Libretto by EMILIO TADDEI. The English Translation by Mr. C. L. KENNEY.
The New Scenery by Mr. ROBERTS.

The Music composed expressly for the Italian Opera Buffa Company (Limited),
by Signor BOTTESINI.

THURSDAY, JAN. 26,

ROSSINI'S OPERA,

"L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI."

Isabella	Mdlle. VERALLI.	Lindoro	Signor FABBRI.
Elvira	" BRUSA.	Mustapha	" ROCCA.
Zulma	" MONARI.	Haly	" FALLAR.

AND

Taddeo	Signor BORELLA.
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Composer, Conductor, and Director of the Music .. Signor TITO MATTEI.

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WEDNESDAY NEXT.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Artists at the FOURTH CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, at Eight o'clock. Madame Sherrington and Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton and Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Miss Kate Roberts. Flute, Mr. Thorpe. The Part Music under the direction of Mr. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. HARTON. Stalls, 6s. (family ticket for four, 21s.); balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co., Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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The LENT TERM COMMENCED on Monday, the 16th January.
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By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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ST. THOMAS'S CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Signor RANDEGGER.—Second Term, commencing January 30th.—Ladies and Gentlemen, possessing good voices and a fair knowledge of Music, are invited to join this Society. The meetings for practice are held in St. Thomas's School Room, Orchard Street, Portman Square, every Monday Evening, at Eight o'clock. Subscription for Term of 12 nights, 2s. 6d. Apply, by letter, to W. BROOMAN, Secretary, 237, Stanhope Street, Hampstead Road.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular ballad,
"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Gloucester, January 31st.

Mdlle. MADIGAN, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, is now free to accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address—Gosport, Hants; or care of Mr. George Dolby, No. 2, New Bond Street, London.

MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR and **MISS LUCIE HANN** will sing HENRY SMART's much admired duet, "MAY," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals, in Southampton, February 22nd, and Isle of Wight, 23rd. Programmes at DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME POOLE will sing "THE LADY OF THE LEA" at Crosby Hall, January 24th; Bexley Heath, 25th; London Tavern, 1st February.

NEW MUSIC.—ROBERT COCKS and **CO.'S** "MUSICAL BOX," Caprice for the Pianoforte. By I. LIEBICH (the first he composed), and performed at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, and twice encored. Free by post 2s stamps.

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A COMMUNICATION TO MY FRIENDS AS A PREFACE.

By RICHARD WAGNER.*

(Continued from page 831.)

Only friends like these, however, who above all things feel an interest in an artist as a man as well, are capable of understanding him, and understanding him not only in the Present, which forbids the realization of the noblest poetic intentions, but generally and in all cases.—The *absolute work of art*, that is, a work of art bound neither to time nor place, nor represented by definite beings under definite circumstances, to other definite beings, and intended to be understood by the latter—is a perfect nonentity, a phantom of æsthetic fancy. From the reality of the works of art of different times has the idea of art been deduced. In order to give this notion a reality—also only thought—since without it people could not picture the idea as conceivable even in their thoughts, they invested it with an imaginary body which, as the absolute work of art, constitutes, whether the fact be admitted or not, the hobgoblin in the brain of our æsthetic critics. As this imaginary body borrows all the characteristics of its fancied material semblance only from the real qualities of the works of art of the Past, the æsthetic belief in it is also essentially conservative, and, consequently, the actual carrying out of this belief, the most complete artistic infertility. It was only in a truly artistic age that such a belief could ever spring up in the heads—but, of course, not the hearts—of men. We first perceive the notion of such a work in history, at the time of the Alexandrine school, after the extinction of Greek art; but to the dogmatic character which it has assumed in our own days—to the severity, obstinacy, and persecuting cruelty, with which it appears in our public art criticisms, it could grow only when fresh germs of the real work of art sprouted out of life itself, and when every healthily feeling man, but, most intelligibly, not our art-criticism, existing solely on what was old and out-lived, could recognize. That the new germs, especially as far as criticism is concerned, cannot as yet attain their complete development as blossoms, is what keeps adding fresh apparent justification to the speculative activity of criticism, for, among other abstractions from the works of art of the Past, criticism has deduced also the notion of the reality, necessary to the work of art, of its material resemblance: criticism perceives now this condition, with the fulfilment of which it must, by the way, altogether cease to exist, not yet fulfilled in the germs of a new art full of life, and, for this very reason, again denies them the right to life, that is, strictly speaking, the right of shooting up, so as to arrive at the flower of material semblance. In consequence of this, æsthetic science becomes activity truly murderous to art, and fanaticized into dogmatic cruelty, since, to the conservative phantom of an absolute work of art which it can never see realized, because such realization is already in history far behind us, it would, with reactionary zeal, sacrifice the reality of the natural dispositions to new works of art. What alone can help those dispositions to fulfilment, what alone can cause these germs to blossom—what, in fact, must, once for all, annihilate the æsthetic phantom of the absolute work of art is the knowledge of the conditions for the completely suitable semblance of the work of art from and before actual life. The absolute, that is, conditionless work of art, is, as existing only in thought, naturally restricted neither to time nor place, nor to certain fixed circumstances; it may, for instance, have been written two thousand years ago for the democracy of Athens, and be played at the present day before the Prussian Court at Potsdam; according to the notions of our æstheticians, it must possess exactly the same value, exactly the same essential qualities, no matter whether here or there, now or then; on the contrary, people even imagine that, like certain sorts of wine, it improves by being kept, and can only now and here be properly and completely understood for the first time, because we can, with other things, picture to ourselves even the democratic public of Athens, and in the criticism of this supposititious public, as well as in the effect we may presume to have been produced upon them by the work of art, obtain an endlessly increased source of cognition.† Elevating as all this may be for modern human intellect, it is bad for the quality

of any art-enjoyment, which cannot, of course, exist at all, because such enjoyment is to be obtained by means only of the feelings, and not of the understanding cumbering the Non-Present. If then, in contradistinction to this unrefreshing art-enjoyment in thought, we are to reach absolute enjoyment, and if this, in conformity with the quality of art, is to be effected by the feelings only, nothing is left for us but to turn to that work of art which, by its quality, holds precisely the same position towards the monumental work of art, simply thought by us, as a living man does to a marble statue. But this quality of the work of art consists in the fact that, according to the place, the time, and the circumstances, it manifests itself definitively in the sharpest manner; that consequently it cannot render itself evident in its most lifeful capability of producing an effect, if it does not render itself apparent, at a definite place, and under definite circumstances; and, therefore, divest itself of every trace of the Monumental.

The recognition of the necessity of this quality is dimmed, and the demand, grounded upon this recognition, for the real work of art is not made by us, if we do not, above all things, attain to a right comprehension of what we have to understand by the Universally-Human. So long as we do not succeed in perceiving, and, in every way, palpably proving by fact that the essence of the human species consists precisely in human individuality, but, on the contrary, as has hitherto been done in religion and the state, place the essence of this individuality in the species, and, consequently, sacrifice it—so long shall we not understand that the ever-fully and entirely Present is destined to supplant, once for all, the wholly, or partially, Unpresent, or Monumental. The fact is we still cling so completely with all our artistic notions to the representation of the Monumental, that we believe we ought to attach value to works of art only in proportion as we can attribute to them a monumental character. This view is certainly justified as far as regards what is created by frivolous fashion, which never satisfies a true human necessity, but we cannot fail to perceive that it is really nothing else than a reaction of the more noble human feeling of natural shame against the distorted utterances of fashion, and, were the active influence of fashion to cease, would of necessity be without any further justification, that is, without any further motive. Absolute respect for the Monumental is utterly inconceivable; it can really be based only upon an æsthetic aversion to a repulsive and unsatisfactory Present. But the fact is that to attack the Present successfully this aversion does not possess sufficient strength, as long as it announces itself merely as zeal for the Monumental; the highest realization of this zeal can, after all, consist only in the fact that the Monumental itself may be made the fashion, as is really the case at the present day. But thus we never emerge from that sphere of life, from which the noblest impulse of monumental zeal seeks to extricate itself, and there is no reasonable escape from this contradiction, but the violent withdrawal of the conditions of existence from fashion as well as from the Monumental, because even fashion is perfectly justified as far as the Monumental is concerned, being the reaction of the immediate life-impulse of the Present against the coldness of an unemotional sense of beauty, such as is exhibited in a violent partiality for the Monumental. The simultaneous destruction of the Monumental and fashion is, however, equivalent to the entrance into life of the work of art ever-present, constantly full of fresh relations, and to be warmly felt, and this again is equivalent to our gaining from life the conditions of such a work of art. To fix the character of this work of art and prove that it could not be the work of our plastic art at the present day—inasmuch as the latter is of necessity exhibited only as monumental, and owes its existence only to our monumental zeal—but can be nothing more nor less than the drama; that, furthermore, this drama can assume its right position with regard to life, only when, in every point, it appears perfectly present to this life, and, in its most especial relations, belonging as closely to it as though sprung from it, according to the individuality of the place, the time, and the circumstances, so that for our comprehension, that is for our enjoyment, of it, there should be no need of reflecting intelligence, but of immediately conceiving feeling; that, finally, this comprehension could be rendered possible only when the purport, by its nature intelligible to the feelings, was manifested in the most appropriate semblance to the senses, and thus by the universally artistic power of expression of man offered to his universally artistic power of susceptibility, and not by an isolated quality of each one capability to another isolated in the same way—to show this generally was the aim of my book: *The Art-Work of the Future*. In what consists the difference between this work of art and the monumental work of art which alone floats before the minds of our critical æstheticians, is plain to every one who cared to understand me; and to assert that what I wanted already existed could strike only those for whom art does not really exist at all.

Only one position, in which I was necessarily placed, could afford those who were tolerably free from prejudice a cause for accusing me of inconsistency. As a condition necessary for the appearance of the work of art, I place in the very first rank *life*, not the life of the philosopher

* This Communication was prefixed to the books or poems "of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*."

† Thus our literary idlers can provide no more enlivening entertainment for their public of æsthetic-politically loafing readers, than to write everlasting all round about Shakspeare. It is true that they do not see that the Shakspeare whom they emit pulped up from between the spongy gums of their vampire-like criticism is not worth a rapp, and at most is valueless, except as the paper on which to draw up the certificate of poverty which they give themselves with such overflowing rapture. The Shakspeare who alone can possess any value in our eyes is the poet always creating something new, and who is in every age what Shakspeare was in his.

or of the historian, which is arbitrarily mirrored in thought, but utterly real, most palpable life, the freest source of involuntariness. From my stand-point, however, as an artist of the Present, I sketch the fundamental traits of "The Work of Art of the Future," and that, too, with regard to a form which probably only the artistic impulse of the very life of the Future itself could fashion. I will defend myself against this charge not merely by stating that I referred only to the most general traits of the work of art, but—not merely for my justification, but for the comprehension of my purpose generally—by directing attention to the fact that the artist of the Present must certainly possess an influence, in every respect deciding, on the work of art of the Future, and that he may very well calculate this influence before-hand, precisely because he must become conscious of it even now. This consciousness grows up in him, thanks to the noblest impulse, from his becoming aware of his profound dissatisfaction with regard to the life of the Present; for the realization of possibilities, of the existence of which he has become conscious out of his own artistic power, he finds he has to look exclusively to the life of the Future. Whoever entertains with regard to this said life of the Future the fatalistic view that we cannot imagine the slightest particle about it, confesses that he is not so far advanced in his human culture as to possess a *reasonable will*; reasonable will is, however, the willing what is recognized as the involuntary or Natural, and this will can certainly be pre-supposed as fashioning for the life of the Future only by him who has got so far as to comprehend himself for himself. Whoever has not such a notion of the moulding of the Future as not to believe that it is a necessary consequence of the reasonable will of the Present, has, also generally, no reasonable conception of the Present or of the Future; whoever does not possess in himself initiative of character, cannot discover in the Present any initiative for the Future. The initiative for the work of art of the Future proceeds, however, from the artist of the Present who is capable of comprehending it, who absorbs in himself its power and its necessary will, and, with these, no longer remains a slave of the Present, but manifests himself as its moving, willing, and fashioning organ, as the consciously working impulse of its life-impetus struggling to issue from it.

To recognize the life-impulse of the Present is: to be under the obligation of realizing it by our acts. But this is not otherwise shown than in a predetermination of the Future, and that, too, not a predetermination dependent on the mechanism of the Past, but fashioning itself freely and independently in all its particulars out of itself, that is to say, out of life. This realization by acts is the destruction of the Monumental, and for art it is displayed in that tendency which always puts itself in the most immediate contact with present life, and this is the *dramatic tendency*. The recognition of the necessity of this tendency for art, in order to place the latter in reciprocal action—ever advancing, and overcoming everything Monumental—with life, naturally leads the artist also to the knowledge of the incapability of the public life of the Present to justify this tendency out of itself, or to blend with it; for our public life, as far as it comes into contact with the phenomena of art, has been shaped under the exclusive sway of the Monumental, and of fashion reacting against the latter, consequently only that artist could create in conformity with the public life of the Present who either imitated the monuments of the Past, or gave himself up as a servant to fashion; but in neither case is he an artist. The true artist, moving in the really dramatic direction specified, could, on the contrary, manifest himself only in conformity with the spirit of the public life of the Future; but as it is precisely by him that only that work of art is acknowledged as the true work, which, in its most palpable semblance, can, with perfect intelligibility, be unfolded to life, he necessarily places the realization of his highest artistic volition in the life of the Future, as a life freed from the sway of the Monumental as well as of fashion; he is obliged, therefore, to direct his artistic will exclusively to the art-work of the Future, no matter whether he or another may be the first privileged to tread the soil of this life of the Future, which renders possible and realizes his aims.

(To be continued.)

The production of Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare* (made memorable by the irresistible performance of Adolina Patti and Ronconi) at the Italian Opera Buffa is postponed until Tuesday.

Bonn.—A medal in commemoration of Beethoven's birthday has lately been issued here. The artist is Herr Brehmer of Hanover. The medal is of gold-bronze, about the size of an English five-shilling piece. On the right side there is a bust of Beethoven, and round it the inscription: Ludwig v. Beethoven—born, 17th Dec. 1770; died, 1827. On the obverse side, there is a lyre, surrounded by branches of laurel, and partly hidden by a roll, with the words: "Fidelio;" Sonatas; Quartets; Symphonies; Missa Solenne; Songs. The whole is surrounded with the inscription: In Memory of Germany's Centenary of Beethoven's Birthday, 1870.

ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 8.—MRS. HERMANN VEZIN.

In moments of supreme effort or endurance our nature seems to go out of and beyond itself. Sometimes, in cases of heroic resistance or self-sacrifice, it attains an elevation on which we bestow the epithet God-like. At others it exhibits, with a clearness seldom seen in times when actions can be deliberated upon and prepared, the closeness of the relations between us and that animal world from which we take so much pains to become dissociated. Any strong wind of passion—anything, in fact, potent enough to break the glass of artificiality with which we surround ourselves—brings to light strange resemblances to the animal kingdom and sympathies equally strange, and exhibits a man in a light as unfamiliar to himself could he at such a time have the opportunity of self-inspection as it is to those around him. The tragic actor knows well this truth. In his tragic representation his figure rises to heroic proportions, or his countenance gives up for a while its human intelligence to assume the unreasoning passion of the animal. Ristori, bending as Juliet over the body of her slain lover, had the look of a pantheress dying beside her murdered cubs. The look of the eye was indescribable, and the movement to one side, then another, of the head, and the whole of the kneeling figure from the waist upwards, had an expression of animal terror and despair altogether indescribable. Macready, too, a master in every detail of his art, was equally powerful. In his Richelieu his voice and bearing seemed almost leonine. The absence of this power and corresponding faculties is the only cause we can discover why Mrs. Vezin's name is not mentioned as the chief star of her profession. The range of comedy is within her grasp, and of all tragedy, except the highest, she is mistress. Her intelligence, appreciation, and method are equally good, and are such as must, at any period of our stage, have obtained her eminence. There is scarcely a character of importance in the drama that is still acted in which during the last decade she has not appeared. Yet it is not too much to say that every part she has assumed has been well played, and not a few have been acted as no living actress could have acted them. Only in the masterpieces of tragedy do we find something wanting, not to the beauty or talent of the impersonation, but to its magic. Nothing can be more tender than are the wailings of Constance. Her fear and sorrow become almost delirious, and her hate finds burning utterance. There wants, however, the lurid grandeur which artists less competent, perhaps, on the whole, have cast over the wronged queen and mother, and her prayers and tears seem more likely to extort aid from heaven and from manhood than to exact it.

Leaving this side of art out of the question, we turn to other characters in which Mrs. Vezin is unsurpassable, asking the reader only to remember that, in those parts even in which Mrs. Vezin comes short of the standard we apply, she comes immeasurably nearer it than the tribe of those on whom it is the fashion to lavish the title of tragic actresses. To stage impersonations Mrs. Vezin brings many noteworthy gifts. Her intelligence is remarkable, and the power of self-projection considerable. She seizes with the instinct of the woman and the artist upon the leading points of a character, and she measures her own representation by that most difficult of all standards for a woman to employ, the standard of common sense. She is never extravagant, yet never tame. Not for a moment can she be led into excessive declamation or rant, yet every part she plays has character and is full of colour. When we add to this that Mrs. Vezin has a good stage presence and a voice of exceeding tenderness and sweetness, we accord a measure of gifts such as few actresses on the stage have ever rivalled. From the almost innumerable parts she has played it is difficult to select a few which are more characteristic than others. It is generally in established and classic dramas that we have been accustomed to see Mrs. Vezin, though she has played in no inconsiderable number of new pieces also. Perhaps, however, no characters could show more exactly the extent, for we can scarcely say the limits of her powers than her Marguerite, in *Faust*, her Donna Diana, in the play of the same name from the Spanish, her Lady, in *Comus*, and her recent performance in *Fernande*. Marguerite and Madame de la Pommeraye illustrate the two contrasting aspects of Mrs. Vezin's tragic or pathetic powers. Donna Diana exemplifies the subtle mixture of pride and tenderness she is able to impart into purely comic impersonations, and the lady exhibits how fine command of melody and versification is possessed by Mrs. Vezin in days when we have few actresses who can read a line of blank verse. Few treats higher and more intellectual have been afforded the lover of poetry than to hear the matchless verses of *Comus* delivered with that limpid and delightful intonation Mrs. Vezin communicates to them. Fresh in our memory, though but as yesterday heard, is the sound of her voice delivering the lines—

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows due,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and distant wildernesses," &c.

A rendering of the Lady, in *Comus* is, perhaps, a lyrical rather than a dramatic triumph. It may, however, well be mentioned in a time when the kind of ability it denotes is, perhaps, the rarest of all gifts upon the stage. Mrs. Vezin's comedy is always arch, tender, and delicate. It lacks, possibly, the clear and sharp-cut outline which we have seen in one or two recent performances by actresses of rising talent and reputation. But for the absence of these it compensates by its rare and intense womanliness. Mrs. Vezin acts, it

is easy to see, from the heart. There is no want of intellectual perception derived from careful study of the methods of expressing passion or sentiments, but the heart beats ever beneath the broad robe. Her Lady Teazle is far less culpable, morally speaking, than any other Lady Teazle we have seen. Her yielding is more reluctant, shame-faced, and feminine, and her penitence more fresh, spontaneous, and, so to speak, overwhelming. In Donna Diana Mrs. Vezin displayed by subtle indices the beating of the womanly heart behind a superb air of disdain. The mocking lip arched itself proudly, but it was ready to slacken, not only into smiles, but into supplication. Her pride was noble and womanly, belonging less to the girl who wished to test her lover than to the Princess who felt that eagles can only mate with eagles. Short, if sharp, was the contest between the sense of injury inflicted and the delight of love returned, and the reconciliation, and the love avowals flooded her heart with delight, which danced in eye, on lip, and on figure, and which one could almost believe radiated from her entire body. The same qualities were noticeable in her performance of Rosalind, which was supremely tender. In Marguerite the more serious side of Mrs. Vezin's acting is seen to high advantage. It is not easy to imagine scenes sadder in themselves than those in which Marguerite listens to her brother's reproaches, or in which she mistakes for her gaoler, her lover, or his unexpected entrance into the prison. In both these scenes the acting deepened into intensity. The cowering look of one whose reason was tottering, and who knew herself the object of general detestation, was most finely shown, and the delivery of the lines was good as it could be. It had that distant sound of one conscious, only in part, of what she said, occupied with her own mental weariness, and caring less for the punishment awaiting her than for the reproach, but half understood, yet bitter, of her own conscience.

In parts in which the mainspring of action is jealousy, or some kindred feeling, Mrs. Vezin is unapproachable. We could point to a score of characters of this kind in which she has acted with combined spirit and delicacy which would reflect lustre upon the highest reputation ever borne. It happens, however, that in Madame de la Pommeraye in which Mrs. Vezin is now performing, we have the aptest illustration we could desire. Our readers may remember that the character is that of a woman who, suspecting her lover of infidelity, taxes herself first with it, so wins her way into his confidence, obtains an avowal of his treachery, then executes at leisure her projects of vengeance. Every portion of this performance is a study. Nothing could be finer than the way in which the woman hid her sufferings as stab after stab was implanted in her heart by the brutal and fatuous man she had over-weighted with her love. She winced and writhed beneath the agony she endured, and showed in each convulsive or automatic movement how keenly she felt the stings inflicted. Yet the lip smiled ever, and the simulated interest in the future of her torturer was friendly and courteous. Through the entire piece this game was played with consummate skill. The actress was cat-like in her quiet approach to her enemy, and cat-like was she in the ferocity of her final spring. More than once she had almost relented, but some discovery of new baseness on the part of her lover strengthened her in the justice of proceedings in which, in the end, she became inflexible. When yielding, or when strengthening herself in her resolution, she was alike admirable. A finer or more truthful piece of psychology has not been placed upon the modern stage. In summing up the services Mrs. Vezin has rendered to playgoers, it is hardly too much to say that she has redeemed from utter disrepute the classic performances which have of late years been given in England. Without the aid of her patient industry and intelligent care performances that have now been unequal would have been altogether unworthy of the attention they have received. It may be doubted, indeed, whether, for the entire range of parts in tragedy and comedy, a more competent actress has been for many years seen upon our stage.

J. K.

PROVINCIAL.

WISTON.—A local journal informs us that a concert has been given in the National School-room, Wiston, by the Church choir, assisted by local talent, in aid of the fund for the purchase of a harmonium. Mr. C. Videon Harding, organist of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, conducted.

WOODPECKERS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I was not aware that the woodpecker was edible, but I suppose it must be, for during the recent frost I saw hanging in a game and poultryer's shop near Charing Cross, a slaughtered specimen of the large-sized English woodpecker, which, although no songster, may, from its gay plumage and curious instinctive habits, be considered as one of the most beautiful birds still among our parks and woodlands. It was equally shocking, about the same time, to notice several kingfishers hung up in a well-known shop in Bond Street. What I state will interest naturalists and lovers of nature who, like myself, protest against the wanton destruction, under the name of "sport" (so rife at this time of year), of creatures which, whether by song, plumage, or habits, were surely meant to be a charm and delight to all.—I am, yours truly,
T. C. T.
London, Jan. 15.

THE BEETHOVEN'S FESTIVAL IN VIENNA.

(From our Original Correspondent.)

(Continued from page 21).

On the following day took place the first grand morning concert, in the large room of the new Conservatoire. The programme was as follows:—

1. *Fest-overture* in C natural (opus 124), expressly composed for the opening of the Josephstadttheater in Vienna, in the year 1822.
2. A well-written prologue by Professor Weilen, the dramatic author, capably rendered by Professor Lewinsky, of the Burgtheater.
3. The Concerto in E flat major (opus 73), correctly but coolly played by Herr Door, Professor of the Pianoforte at the Conservatoire here.
4. The Ninth Symphony (opus 125).*

The choruses were sung by the combined different choral societies of Vienna. The solo singers were Frau Wilt, soprano; Frau Gomperz-Bettlheim, mezzo-soprano, once member of the Imperial Theatre, since a few years, wife of a rich banker; Herr Labatt, tenor; and Dr. Schmid, bass. Frau Bettlheim excepting, all the other singers belong to the Imperial Operahouse. The instrumental part went as well as the vocal one went poorly; this, by the way, being not the best of the two forming the symphony. Frau Wilt (known at Covent Garden as Signora Wilda) roaring aloud, as usually, the whole time, compelled Frau Bettlheim, who had to sing the second voice, to do the same. Labatt contributed to the unpoetical singing by his thoroughly guttural voice, and the Doctor followed willingly the vulgar impulse given by Frau Wilt. The choruses, formed of so many different elements, did evidently prove that they had not rehearsed enough. Dessoff directed—with his customary ability—the whole, saving what could be saved.

On the 18th was performed the *Missa Solennis* in D natural (opus 123) at the same room, under the direction of Hellmesberger. The *prime donne* were the same as on the preceding day; the tenor was Walter; the bass, Rokitsansky; the violin-solo, Herr Grün—all three from the Operahouse; the organists were the Herren Bruckner and Frank, both professors at the Conservatoire. The very difficult and high choral part of the Mass would have required some more rehearsals, and the soloists, Walter excepted, lacked the expression and religious sentiment due to the interpretation of sacred music. Frau Wilt dragged once more the other singers into supernatural screaming and dramatic exaggeration.

Such a work being calculated for the acoustic proportions of a church, it was a great mistake to produce it in a concert-room, where the public are prepossessed by worldly feelings. The beauties of the *Missa Solennis* of Beethoven are numberless. The "Gloria" and "Credo" are inspirations which elevate the soul to the celestial regions, if performed in a proper locality. The flourish of the martial trumpets at the end, when the chorus, just on strengthening their prayer, exclaim, "Dona nobis pacem," makes the audience shudder with holy terror.†

The third concert, on the 19th December, was a complete failure, especially for the instrumental part of it, because to perform chamber music in a vast room is as absurd as it would be to exhibit the finest miniature paintings in the Colosseum of Rome. The trio in B flat (opus 97), for pianoforte, violin, and viola, opened the programme. The performers were the Herren Grün (violin), Popper, from the opera, (cello), and Epptein, professor at the Conservatoire (pianoforte). Next followed "An die ferne Geliebte," a cyclus of *Lieder* (opus 98), sung by Walter; "Busalied" (opus 48, No. 6), "Mailed" (op. 52, No. 4), "Neue Liebe, neues Leben" (opus 78, No. 2), sung by Frau Bettlheim; quartet in C sharp minor (opus 131), performed by Hellmesberger, quartet and son (first and second violin), Bachrich, from the opera (viola), and Popper (cello). In the trio, Grün, as first violin, was inferior to his partners, and not at all at the height of the occasion. The quartet, on the contrary, belonging to the last but not the best period of Beethoven's productiveness, was magnificently rendered by the magic bow of G. Hellmesberger. Happy the few people who, sitting near the platform, could enjoy it. In the vocal part of the programme Walter did not answer to the general expectation. Not knowing the words of the *Lieder* by heart, he lacked in his *diction* the easiness as well as the exaltation indispensable to inspire an artist reproducing a masterpiece of a great composer. Quite different was the case with Frau Bettlheim. This sympathetic artist, more genial and better musician than Walter, mastered the words as well as the music, which she had to reproduce so well as to render the songs of Beethoven intrusted to her quite

* The Ninth Symphony was performed for the first time, under Beethoven's direction, at the Kärnthnertheater in Vienna, in a concert given by the composer himself, on the 7th of May, 1824.

† The *Missa Solennis* of Beethoven was performed for the first time in public at a "Concert Spirituel," given in the room of the Redoute in Vienna, on the 3rd of April 1843.

as a new and grandiose artistic revelation. Surely the palm for the vocal music performed during Beethoven's Festival of 1870, in Vienna, belongs to this very poetical, accomplished singer, who is in possession of the finest mezzo-soprano of the day. The Beethoven's "Lieder," sung by Frau Bettlheim at the third concert, and the overture of *Leonora*, performed at the Operahouse on the 16th December, evening, were the two really grand musical features of this solemnity, worthy an historical and artistic mention. The *Egmont* of Goethe, with Beethoven's music,* played at the Operahouse on the 19th of December, evening, by the strongest cast of the Burgtheater, brought the artistic part of the Festival to an end in a very dull manner. This beautiful tragedy proved once more to be incompatible with the stage, as the Operahouse proved to be too large, and quite unfit for a play.

According to the German habit, that no feast whatsoever can take place without eating and drinking, a grand subscription-banquet was given on the 20th, evening, in the large concert-room of the Conservatoire. The menu musical, served by E. Strauss and his brilliant orchestra during the supper, was the following:—

1. Overture, *Fidelio* (Beethoven); 2. Moment Musical (Schubert); 3. Réverie (Vieuxtemps); 4. *Lied ohne Worte* (Mendelssohn); 5. Schiller Marche (Meyerbeer).

The room for the concerts had no other decoration than an extremely high Egyptian column, quite isolated, bearing a colossal bust-medallion of Beethoven, posted over the orchestra, before the organ (it looked exactly like a great modern bottle-cork with a porcelain figure on the top), for the gastronomical feast was splendidly ornamented with garlands, banners, flowers, etc., and brilliantly illuminated.

Of course the official as well as the non-official speeches did not fail on the occasion; but the greatest part of them was insignificant. One of the first actresses of the Burgtheater—Frau G.—walking solemnly to the platform, made an attempt to speak in the name of the *Deutsche Frauen, für die Frauen Deutschlands, and Deutsche Frauen*, and so on. It was short, but beautiful, this very characteristic speech, exactly recalling the old story of *Eduard und Gunigunde, Gunigunde und Eduard*, etc. The very first speech was addressed to the Emperor—and Beethoven! Beethoven looking down with contempt upon the jolly party from his bottle-cork, waited patiently until some one thought it proper to speak a few insipid words on his account, after the different parties had exhausted between themselves the never-ending reciprocal compliments and flatteries!

The relations of Beethoven still alive assisted at the Festival, the committee of it having put a box at their disposition, both in the Operahouse and concert-room. A niece of the celebrated master, Frau Nöjke-Beethoven, three of her children, two of them married, Frau Weidinger and Frau Heimler, and a girl, as well as a little niece of hers, are the whole rest of the illustrious family. Of the foreigners invited on the occasion, were present:—the well-known composer, musical critic, and Imperial Counsellor, Scroff, and the Imperial Counsellor, Lenz, from Petersburg; Professor Nohl, from Munich, and Mr. Thayer, the General Consul of the United States, from Trieste. Dr. L. Köchel, Rottebohn, and Kohl. The musical societies of Leipzig, Milan, Agram, Olmütz, Brünn, and Leibach sent their respective representatives. The Imperial Court *brillait par son absence*.

On the first day of the Festival, Dr. Standthartner (a distinguished musical amateur, and intimate friend of Wagner) received from Berlin a beautiful wreath of *immortelles*, to be laid upon Beethoven's grave. On a splendid ribbon adorning this wreath were, printed in gold, the following names:—"Clara Schumann, Joseph and Amalia Joachim, B. Scholz, De Ahna, Giulia and Anna von Asten, F. Kiel, E. Rudorff, and Max Bruch." A musical festival given in honour of a great composer ought to afford a progressive as well as a collective idea of the productiveness of his genius, presenting the best works in varied styles, belonging to the different periods of its development. That is the system adopted in England, America, France, and Germany on such occasions. Taken from this point of view, the Beethoven's Centenary in Vienna was a complete failure. First of all, nearly the whole of the compositions produced on this occasion belong exclusively to the second and third period of Beethoven's musical career. The selection of his works was not a rational one. Of his overtures, the one to *Coriolanus*, superior in every respect to the two produced at the Festival, was omitted. The "Adelaide," the very best song *di camera* of Beethoven, as well as the beautiful and unrivalled concert aria, "Ah! perfido!" were excluded. His pianoforte sonatas, which are eternal models of melodic inspiration and beautiful form, were quite forgotten. About the performance, the honour of Beethoven was sacrificed to the interests of the artistic clique, which rules the musical matters in Vienna; and the motors and rulers, to be undisturbed, drew the principal local critics into the committee, compromising their independence and paralyzing

their severity. Instead of engaging the most capable and celebrated artists from every part of the civilized world for this Centenary, they divided *en bons compagnons* the pie among themselves. In a word, the Festival was arranged *en famille*, and the committee was only anxious to let participate every local artist (belonging to the already named clique), be he a good, mediocre, or even a bad one, to the honour of the solemnity, completely forgetting the importance of the execution. Economical reasons cannot be allowed as an excuse, because the very considerable receipt would have been but increased by the new attraction of some European celebrities.

The total receipt of the Festival was 32,000 florins, that is to say:—subscriptions at 10 florins, 2,788 florins; the performance of *Fidelio*, 6,200; the first concert, 3,500; the second, 3,875; and the third one, 2,380 florins; the performance of *Egmont*, 6,800; and, lastly, 8,000 florins presented from the town of Vienna. Deducting the expenses (which nobody knows why they were so enormous), remain nearly 12,000 florins. This money should be employed in the foundation of a Beethoven's prize for indigent young and gifted musicians, as well as to the creation of a Beethoven monument. Hardly will this remaining sum be sufficient for the purpose, and consequently Beethoven shall wait for a monument until his next centenary, just as Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert are waiting since a great many years. And yet these four sublime beings lived, suffering the greatest privations, and produced the greatest part of their works in the Austrian capital, enlivening it with their genius, and illustrating it through their celebrity!

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The second of these entertainments took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening week, and, bad weather notwithstanding, drew a crowded audience. Such a result the programme and list of artists are perfectly competent to explain—the one being made up of old favourites with a sprinkling of novelties, the other comprising some of the best English singers of the day. To state that everybody appeared gratified is to give but a faint idea of the truth; applause, recalls, and encores being the order of the night, to an extent suggesting curtailment of future programmes as a measure of self-defence. The artists included Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley—all names of power where English ballads are concerned. In addition, Miss Arabella Smythe, Mr. Chaplin Henry, Mr. Fielding's glee party, and Mr. F. H. Cowen (pianist) had a share of the evening's work, the result being that all tastes were gratified. Among the new songs were three by Claribel, entitled "Hope," "The Answer to the Dream," and "Far Away in Bonny Scotland." Of these the first two are distinguished by those characteristics which won for the late composer's airs so great a success; and, rendered by Madame Patey and Miss Edith Wynne, they met with unqualified approval. For another novelty—Mrs. Phillips's "Queen of Love"—Mr. Santley obtained a deserved encore, as did Miss Edith Wynne for Louisa Gray's "He doesn't love me." Mr. Santley further introduced Benedict's "Forging of the anchor," a descriptive song, originally heard at the Norwich Festival of 1869; but the absence of an orchestral accompaniment took somewhat from the effect at which the composer aimed. These were the new things; and, on the whole, their choice gave little ground for complaint. The more successful of the old acquaintances comprised "Auld Robin Gray" and "Lillie's Good-night" (encored), both sung by Madame Patey; Shield's "Thorn" and "My Pretty Jane," each of which Mr. Rigby was called upon to repeat; Molloy's "Vagabond," given twice by Mr. Santley; and Madame Sainton's "Unspoken Love," rendered with intelligence by Miss Julia Elton. Mr. Cowen played three of his own pieces—"The Rose Maiden," a "Berceuse," and a "Valse Caprice,"—each a superior thing of its kind, because combining good workmanship with light and fanciful design.

At the third concert, on Wednesday last, there was another enormous attendance. On this occasion, Mr. Sims Reeves appeared, and besides giving Mr. Arthur Sullivan's graceful and expressive canzonet, "The snow lies white," created quite a "furore" in a new song by "Louisa Gray," called "The Farewell Letter," which he sang to perfection, and was compelled in spite of himself to repeat. That he should have produced a similar effect in Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love" will astonish no one. Mr. Santley was wonderfully successful with "The King and I," a very pretty and effective new song by "Henriette," set to Dr. Mackay's verse, which, as well as Mr. J. L. Hatton's "Iron Blacksmith" and Dr. Boyce's "Heart of Oak," drew down the "encore" to which our popular baritone is now so thoroughly accustomed. We shall not be expected to review the entire programme in detail; but we may pick out a "plum" (a "gem"?) or two. Mrs. Weldon, an accomplished amateur, sang Benedict's "Rose of Erin" and F. Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side,"—both nervously, but both with real expression; Miss Edith Wynne was encored in Bishop's "Love has eyes" (no wonder—Miss E. W.

* *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music, was performed for the first time at the Burgtheater, in Vienna, in the beginning of January, 1811.

hath also "eyes"), and was not encored in "My Mother bids me bind my Hair," which, nevertheless, she sang to perfection. Miss Wynne also sang, with Madame Patey, Virginia Gabriel's duet, "My Roses blossom." Madame Patey herself introduced "A Shadow," a new ballad by "Comyn Vaughan" (the coming Vaughan?), besides the Irish melody, "The Meeting of the Waters," in her most expressive style and with her usual success. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was encored in G. A. Macfarren's "Somebody," which she made popular a good many years since, and which she sings in a style that defies imitation. Instead of repeating it, however, the popular soprano (whose recovery has given such universal satisfaction) substituted an Irish ballad about some other somebody called, if we mistake not, "Grady!" (We ought to have mentioned that Madame Patey also gave (twice) a pretty song by "Henriette," called "Always alone.") As a pendant to "Somebody," Madame Sherrington sang "Good night," a new song by Blumenthal (and Mrs. Hemans), with an archness altogether indescribable. Miss Julia Elton threw down a glove to Sims Reeves, in the form of another new ballad by "Comyn Vaughan" ("Ye Vaughan is y' coming?"), called "We were standing in the garden." It should have been stated that Miss Edith Wynne also threw down a glove to Sims Reeves, in the shape of yet a third new song by "Lonisa Gray," with the ominous title, "He doesn't love me" (Oh!) And now we can only add that there were part-songs by Müller, J. L. Hatton, and Mar-chner (that by Mr. Hatton being a new one—"The way to build a boat"), and two solos for the pianoforte—"Fantasia on Welsh airs," and ditto on the Bolero in Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*—both composed and both performed by Mr. Brinley Richard, who excelled himself on each occasion. Mr. Hatton was the conductor-accompanist.

At the next concert (on Wednesday) most of the same singers are to appear; Miss Kate Roberts will be the pianist and Mr. Thorpe the flautist. Certainly Mr. John Boosey carries on his plan with unflagging spirit and commandeth judgment.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Mdlle. Colombo, who, the week before last, acted as substitute for Mdlle. Calisto, Adina, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, has since repeated the part and confirmed the good opinion created by her first and wholly unexpected appearance. The new-comer has many qualities in her favour. She is young and prepossessing; her voice is a pure soprano, which though not powerful, is fresh, bright, and telling; she sings with an ease and fluency seldom unaccompanied by good taste, and is a thoroughly natural actress, unconstrained by conventionality and never given to exaggeration. All this is plainly demonstrated in her impersonation of the village coquette made familiar to us through the talent and genius of so many artists of distinction. Mdlle. Colombo's performance of Adina, a detailed description of which, scene by scene, will not be required, is, in a word, charming; and we only quarrel with her for introducing Rode's "celebrated" air with variations in a scene where it is so clearly out of place—the scene in which Adina, come at last to her senses, and alive to the sincere and ardent devotion of her lover, presents Nemorino with the contract she has purchased from the recruiting Sergeant, Belcore, thus relieving him from his obligation to join the regiment, and restoring him to liberty. It is difficult to understand how an artist of such unquestionable intelligence as Mdlle. Colombo should have made up her mind to set so utterly at naught the dramatic situation. At the second performance of *L'Elisir*, Signor Fabbri being still indisposed, Signor Rinaldini played Nemorino; but whether the tenor in robust health was preferable to the tenor smitten with illness admitted at least of a doubt. Of the other characters we have already spoken.

The success obtained by Mdlle. Colombo in Adina was so genuine that very much was anticipated from her next essay. This was Rosina, in the *Barbiere*—which opera had already been given, with Mdlle. Bedetti as the heroine. That Mdlle. Colombo, although the music is somewhat generally too low for her voice, was, on more than one account a manifest improvement on her predecessor, may be stated without reserve; but that her Rosina is equal to her Adina cannot be so readily admitted. In a dramatic sense she is just as lively, showing herself as fully conversant with all the traditions of the character—and this notwithstanding a head-dress to which our Italian stage has long been unaccustomed, and which, with deference, we must add, does not well become her. In the "Lesson-scene," on the first occasion, Mdlle. Colombo introduced the well-known variations on the "Carnival of Venice," which being hardly suited to her means, produced no very marked effect; at the second performance, on Saturday

night, however, she substituted "Rode's Air" (here indisputably well placed); and the last variation of this, executed with brilliant facility was repeated, in accordance with the unanimously expressed wish of the audience. Mdlle. Colombo is a valuable acquisition to the Italian Opera Buffa; and much might (and will if she be carefully looked after) be made of her. Young singers of her promise are rare now-a-days. The engagement of Signor Gardoni, one of the oldest and best deserving favourites of the English public, was a judicious step on the part of the management. This accomplished gentleman belongs to that genuine school of Italian singers of which there are but too few remaining examples. Signor Gardoni, as all amateurs are aware, is equally an adept in florid and expressive music; and his *Almaviva*, next to that of Signor Mario, is the most perfect on the stage. While leaning (as in duty-bound), in his general delineation, to the peculiar exigencies of *opera buffa*, Signor Gardoni never keeps out of sight the fact that *Almaviva* is a nobleman and a gentleman. Thus, his impersonation of that exceptional character has justly been recognized as one of the most polished and historically consistent of the day. Signor Gardoni was welcomed with the heartiness to which his long and valuable services fairly entitled him. He sang all his music—from "Ecco ridente" to the trio which concludes with the irresistible "Zitti, zitti"—well, and acted as he invariably does.

A line or two must record at present that *Ali Baba*, the promised comic opera of Signor Bottesini, was produced on Tuesday night, with a success as decided as it was well merited. The principal characters were sustained by Mdlle. Calisto, Mdlle. Faullo, Signora Borella, Rocca, Torelli, Fallar, Seneca, Ponti, and Piccioli—the last named being the new tenor whose appearance has from the beginning been looked forward to with interest, and who, it may be stated at once, was very favourably received. Signor Bottesini (at the request of Signor Mattei, the official conductor) presided in the orchestra, and was called before the curtain at the end of every act. The performance, for a first night, was wonderfully good; the applause was hearty and continuous, and there were many encores—some acceded to, others, the length of the opera taken into consideration, judiciously declined.

Ali Baba was repeated on Wednesday, with the same success. Last night it was to be given for the third time; and its fourth performance is announced for this evening. On Monday and Thursday nights the opera was *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Langert's opera of *Dornröschen* is in rehearsal at the Stadt Theater, and Herr Langert has himself arrived to superintend its production.—At the twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, the violinist was Herr Isidor Lotto, who achieved a great success at one of the same concerts several years ago by his performance of Paganini's "Carnival of Venice," but who has since been prevented by ill health from playing in public. He performed a Concerto of his own, and the "Devil's Sonata" of Tartini. He was much applauded in both. The programme included likewise, as more particularly appropriate to the season, two Christmas Songs for chorus, by Prätorius and Schroder, and the Pastoral from J. S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. The principal instrumental piece was Schumann's C major Symphony. At the eleventh Gewandhaus Concert, Mdlle. Brandes, a young pianist from Schwerin, played Schumann's A minor Concerto, and Weber's *Concertstück*. Herr Gura, a baritone from the Stadttheater, sang the grand air from Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, and songs by R. Schumann. The orchestral pieces were Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

MUNICH.—Herr Wüllner, conductor of the Royal Vocal-Chapel, and of the Roman Catholic church of All Saints, has frequently officiated as operatic conductor at the Theatre Royal, since Herr von Bülow left, last August. He has now been definitively appointed Herr von Bülow's successor. The King has also ordered, as already announced in the *Musical World*, that Herr Heinrich Porges, on whom the title of Royal Chaplemaster *extra titulum* had been conferred shall be employed as conductor at the Theatre Royal. Herr Porges is a determined partisan of Herr R. Wagner, and was sent for by the latter, in the autumn of 1867, from Vienna, to act as his collaborator upon the *Süddeutsche Presse*, then an official print. He will, therefore be more especially employed to conduct the Wagnerian operas. It is said that *Siegfried*, the second part of the *Ring der Nibelungen*, will be positively produced this year. The pianoforte score will be published shortly. The composer is still working on the third part: *Götterdämmerung*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23RD, 1871.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. Schubert.
CAVATINA, from "La Fête du Village"—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. A Boldieu.
FANTASIA, in F sharp minor, for Pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN .. Mendelssohn.

PART II.

PREUDE, ALLEMANDE, and COURANTE, in D major, for
Violoncello alone—Signor PIATTI .. Bach.
SONGS, ("Flüthenreicher Ebro")—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. R. Schumann.
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violon-
cello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA,
and Signor PIATTI .. Beethoven.
Conductor .. Mr. BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE TWELFTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 28TH, 1871,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in A major, for Clarinet, two Violins, Viola, and Violon-
cello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. LAZARUS, L. RIES, STRAUS,
and PIATTI .. Mozart.
SONG, "Nasce al bosco"—(Ezio)—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. Handel.
SUITE DE PIÈCES, in E major containing the "Harmonious Black-
smith," for Pianoforte alone—(By desire)—Madame ARABELLA
GODDARD .. Handel.
ADAGIO, in F minor, for Violin, with Pianoforte accompaniment—
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA .. Spohr.
SONGS, ("Der Lindenbaum")—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. Schubert.
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello
—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and
Signor PIATTI .. Beethoven.
Conductor .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin,
28, Piccadilly; Kith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange
Buildings; R. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50,
New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly
Place only.

DEATH.

On the 30th of December 1870, at New York, HERR CARL ANSCHUTZ,
formerly conductor of the German Opera in London at Covent Garden
Theatre, when under the management of Mr. Jarrett.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

BEETHOVEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE series of twelve concerts given before Christmas at the
Crystal Palace was the most remarkable since the institu-
tion of these excellent and thoroughly healthy entertainments.
Mr. Manns kept his promise strictly with regard to Beethoven,

whose name was conspicuously prominent in every one of the
twelve programmes. How it was intended to do honour to the
immortal musician on the occasion of the centenary of his birth
need not be repeated. A brief recapitulation of what was done
will therefore suffice.

At the first concert Beethoven was represented by the
symphony in C (No. 1), and the pianoforte concerto in G (No.
4)—played by Mr. Charles Hallé; at the second, by the symphony
in D (No. 2); at the third, by the overture to *Prometheus* and the
symphony in E flat (the "*Eroica*"—No. 3); at the fourth, by
the symphony in B flat (No. 4), and the pianoforte concerto in C
minor (No. 3)—played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann; at the fifth,
by the four overtures composed at various times for the opera of
Fidelio, the three in C in a group at the beginning, the fourth, in
E, at the end of the concert (a very proper arrangement, the
fourth possessing nothing in common with any of the others), and
the symphony in C minor (No. 5); at the sixth, by the great
overture in C, called the "*Weide des Hauses*," and the Mass in C
(No. 1); at the seventh, by the symphony in F (the "*Pastoral*"—
No. 6), and the pianoforte concerto, No. 2 (in B flat)—played by
Mr. Franklin Taylor; at the eighth, by the symphony in A (No. 7),
and the pianoforte concerto in E flat (No. 5), the last and greatest
of the series—played by Madame Arabella Goddard; at the
ninth, by the overture and incidental music to the *Ruins of
Athens*, and the violin concerto in D (the only one composed by
Beethoven)—played by Madame Norman Neruda; at the tenth,
by the symphony in F (No. 8), the overture written for Goethe's
tragedy of *Egmont*, the pianoforte concerto in C (No. 1), played
by Herr Pauer, and the beautiful cycle of songs, six in one,
entitled "*Liederkreis*," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves (accompanied by
Mr. Arthur Sullivan); at the eleventh, by the septet for
string and wind instruments,—the string parts being played, as at
the Paris Conservatoire, by the whole string orchestra,—and
the overture written for Colin's tragedy of *Coriolan*.

At the twelfth and last concert of the series, which took place
on Saturday, Dec. 17th, Beethoven's birthday, the entire
programme was devoted to his music, vocal and instrumental.
To this concert might fairly have been adjudged as motto,
Finis coronat opus. A more varied and attractive selection
could hardly be imagined. It began with the overture to the
ballet of *Prometheus*, composed at Vienna in 1800, and ended
with that musical colossus, the Ninth Symphony (with chorus),
composed in 1822-3, also at Vienna, where, notwithstanding that
it was originally intended for the London Philharmonic Society,
which had bought and paid for it (£50!), it was also first per-
formed, on March 21st, 1825. Thus we had the great musician
both in the vigour of his early manhood and at the glorious close
of his career; for the symphony was the last great orchestral
piece of Beethoven, and, five string quartets excepted, his last
great work. The compositions which separated the overture from
the symphony in this really memorable concert were specimens
derived from various periods of Beethoven's intermediate career.
First, there was one of the arrangements of national airs, made
for George Thomson of Edinburgh. The air selected was
"Sweet power of song," words by Joanna Bailie (still better
known as one of Moore's *Irish Melodies*—"Rich and rare were
the gems she wore"). Beethoven has arranged this for two
voices, with accompaniments for pianoforte, violin, and violon-
cello. The singers on the occasion under notice were Miss Ellen
Horne and Julia Elton, the string parts were given by four violins
and four violoncellos in the orchestra, and the pianoforte accom-
paniment was entrusted to Mr. Beringer. To this succeeded
the well-known "*Adelaide*" (1796), sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby
and accompanied on the piano by Madame Arabella Goddard;

after which came the (to amateurs) scarcely less familiar *Choral Fantasia* (1808), the pianoforte solo by Madame Goddard, the full choral parts being sung by the Crystal Palace Choir, which Mr. Manns has been some time training with such diligence and care, and, to judge by this display, with such excellent results. Then came the ballad of Mignon, "Kennst du das Land?" coupled with "Herz mein Herz"—both to Goethe's text (1810), sung by Herr Stockhausen, to the accompaniment of Mr. Franklin Taylor; and then the four melodies which Beethoven wedded to the same poet's little stanzas, called "Sechnsucht" (1808-10)—sung by Miss Arabella Smythe. The "Thirty-two variations in C minor on an original Theme," for pianoforte solo (1807), the first of two pieces unique in their way, in regard to the form of which Beethoven, in all probability, was more or less influenced by J. S. Bach's *Chaconne*, with variations for the violin, followed next—Madame Goddard being again the pianist. These were the pieces which divided the *Prometheus* overture from the Ninth Symphony; and every one of them had a value of its own. The concert was nearly half longer in duration than almost any other concert we can remember at the Crystal Palace; but all the artists engaged in it did their very best. There was not an instant of dullness; and what, so far as the orchestra and chorus were concerned, was a magnificent rendering of the greatest of symphonies brought to a fitting climax a performance in every way worthy to commemorate such an occasion as the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the greatest of all musicians. Never did Mr. Manns bring more enthusiasm to his task, and never did he more richly merit the unanimous applause which greeted him when that task had been accomplished.

The twelve concerts thus terminated, it should be understood, contained many more things which, under other circumstances, would have claimed special notice; but the chief point of interest was in Beethoven; and to Beethoven, on that account, our remarks have been confined. For a time, owing to the Christmas festivities, the Saturday Concerts were, as usual, suspended; but they are happily to be resumed this very afternoon—with a programme, by the way, which does not contain a single piece by Beethoven, either vocal or instrumental.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We read the following in the *New York Weekly Review* of Dec 31st:—

"We are sorry to record the death of one of our best musicians—Mr. Carl Anschütz. He died yesterday, after a severe illness, remembered by all who can appreciate goodness of heart and impulsive generosity. There are two more deaths to record—that of Miss Fanny Stockton, a singer of burlesque farce, and of Hervé, the composer of (a very small) *Faust* celebrity."

Herr Anschütz will be well remembered by the amateurs of German opera in London and the English provinces. We have had no previous information of the death of M. Hervé, and trust that our American contemporary may have been misinstructed.

We read the following (with some surprise and no little satisfaction) in the *Liverpool Courier*:—

"Two 'funny' little paragraphs intended to bewilder playgoers, which appeared in the *Porcupine* of the 7th inst., unsigned, reappeared in the *Musical World* of the 14th, with the initials 'J. H. N.' the first-named paper receiving no credit for the copied 'goaks.' How is this, 'J. H. N.'?"

"*Falsito* singing," says (in his latest issue) our venerable and revered contemporary, *Punch*, "is not punishable with penal" (*punishable with penal*—eh, *Punch*?) "servitude. But it is very much like uttering forged notes." Our same venerable and revered contemporary (also in his latest issue) defines "Christmas Music for Theatres" as "the 'Waits' between the acts." May his shadow never be elongated, so that the thin black man in *Peter Schlemyl* may not make a bid for it and *Punch* be shadowless.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The London Ballad Concerts seem now to have become as fixed an institution as the Monday Popular Concerts. And upon reflection we do not see why this should not be. True, while Mr. Arthur Chappell can give some thirty performances every year, Mr. John Boosey can scarcely venture upon twelve with a fair chance of success. But this by no means signifies that there is a larger number of musical amateurs (we will call both parties "musical" for form's sake) who love quartets, sonatas, &c., than of amateurs who love ballads old and new; but that in the catalogue of instrumental chamber-music the variety is infinitely the greater. No two quartets, or sonatas of Beethoven, for instance, are alike; but for the most part two sentimental ballads, or two comic songs, will be as like each other as two peas. Mr. Boosey would be at his wits' end to furnish interesting ballad material (variety being a *sine qua non*) for more than a dozen concerts at a stretch; whereas Mr. Chappell could easily find the requisite material for one hundred. All this considered however, each is good in its way, because each is honest and each has a definite purpose.

Mr. Boosey's plan is excellent. He not only calls attention frequently to those ballads of the Old English school which deserve to live forever—being in their unpretending way nothing less than inspirations—but he strives to show us that still in our time ballads are composed which, if the world became only well acquainted with them, the world would not readily let die. For this, however some may possibly differ from him, he merits all encouragement. No matter what is thought in certain quarters of the average calibre of the modern ballads which he brings forth side by side with those more legitimate examples of the elder school, there can hardly exist a doubt that the talent for ballad writing, for which England at one period was conspicuous before the rest of the world, is *not* extinct, but in a sense more or less flourishes. It is in the work of the poet rather than in the work of the musician that the present age—*quoad* ballad writing, be it understood—seems deficient. Given to our musicians true ballad poetry and they would, we implicitly believe, write true ballad music. And, after all, the ballad form is one of the most engaging that can be imagined. What more charming than a simple and genuine sentiment expressed in simple and genuine verse, and set to simple and genuine music—the whole concoction to be taken in, as it were, at a breath? Talk of "a joy for ever," what thing of human invention has more often proved a "joy for ever" than a simple melody—a melody, perchance, of sixteen bars in all? In such melodies, as in the words to which they are married, words as simple and as healthy as the melodies themselves, it may be said fearlessly that England has been richer than any other nation. Mr. William Chappell, most erudite and indefatigable of explorers in this direction, will witness for us—although we are well aware that Mr. Chappell would limit his admission to *old* English melodies, barring out the new as a matter of course.

New Mr. Boosey, who by the occasional contributions he levies from our old ballads (he might levy more with advantage) shows the importance he attaches to them, is, nevertheless, as we have hinted, of opinion that the vein of English melody is not exhausted, and that there are among us, now living and working, men capable of producing something fitted to associate with what has gone before. The result of this belief in the present as well as in the past not only brings a pleasing variety but an additional attraction to his Ballad Concerts, two of which have already taken place in St. James's Hall under the most favourable conditions. Ballads ancient and ballads modern (for the most part modern, it must be admitted) have been included in the programmes, together with madrigals and part-songs; solo fantasias on the pianoforte helping to break the monotony of what would be otherwise an incessant avalanche of "eight-bar tunes."

We need not enter into particulars. Enough that the two programmes have included specimens from Shield and Bishop among the ancients (if Bishop may fairly be styled an ancient), and from composers without number—including happily Mr. A. S. Sullivan—among the moderns; that the best singers procurable in London have been engaged; and that the concerts have brought very large audiences, and have been attended with every sign of success. If we might presume to offer a piece of advice, it would be to recommend the manager to draw somewhat more liberally upon the treasures bequeathed to us by the older musicians. The progress of the art has doubtless enabled us in the actual day to distance them far in more elaborate compositions; but in the production of those pure ballads which originally suggested the idea of the

entertainments under notice we have yet to find their equals. Perhaps "when music was young"—as Mendelssohn used to say—thoughts came spontaneously, and might be put forth without much aid of extraneous ornament; and now that music, albeit the youngest of the arts, is already old, the want of spontaneous thought is endeavoured to be compensated by adventitious devices in the way of harmony, accompaniment, &c. The more, then, does it behoove the conductor of the London Ballad Concerts, whose design, from the beginning, has been professedly to introduce to the public the masterpieces of the English ballad school in all its diversities, to let us hear as much as possible of the old, unadulterated melody, so that we may place it beside the new and comparatively tricked-out product, and thus be enabled to draw conclusions.

BEETHOVENIANA.

Attention has frequently been drawn in musical journals to several errors in Beethoven's symphonies, which have been overlooked either by the composer, copyist, or engraver; and to this may be attributed the reason why we still find them in the scores and numerous arrangements. As experience shows, the corrections alluded to have not received such attention as the subject deserves; and every admirer of Beethoven certainly will wish, for the sake of his sublime works, to see those mistakes blotted out and to be properly informed of the opinions and arguments relating to them. We will confine ourselves to designate those parts in Beethoven's symphonies which are in contradiction to the fundamental principles he uses in maintaining the rhythmic, and interrupt the symmetrical structure. Beethoven's principle was to use even measured rhythm, and, under certain conditions only, uneven—viz., in compositions of quick or simple time; but with regard to the principle of even measured rhythm every one may easily get information by viewing Beethoven's compositions.

The questionable errors are as follows:—

Symphony No. 4, in B flat major, 1st movement.



The preceding notation comprehends the last seven bars of the first movement. One of the two bars marked with x, is too much, and has to be erased. The whole period must end with the seventh bar, which is one of the accented bars. The end of Rhythm I, therefore, must fall upon the fifth bar. Robert Schumann has the merit to have been the first to draw attention to this error.

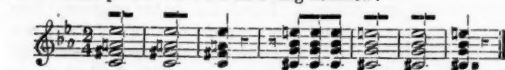
Some years ago I communicated, in the *Musical World*, an error in the third movement of Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, in C minor, for the discovery of which we are indebted to Mendelssohn. But there is another error in the same symphony, in the first movement, to which I draw the attention of all who take interest in the works of one of the greatest composers who ever lived.

The error is to be found in the second part of the first movement, and is the 120th bar after the () (pause), viz., the one-bar rest,

1. which I mark in the following notation with x.



The first period can only have eight bars like the corresponding second period. The rhythm B and D, consisting of four bars, must agree accordingly with the rhythm A and C, and it is probable that in rhythm C a bar too much may have crept in, or in rhythm B a bar rest. A comparison with the following notation:—



bar 44 to 50 in the second part of the first movement, forming the passage subject, will show us, but in a diminished measure, the same subject as in the first notation in double proportions. We must, therefore, come to the conclusion that the superfluous bar is the bar rest marked with x, which has to be erased. Czerny has corrected this error in his arrangement of this symphony as a duet for two performers on the piano.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

London, January, 1871.

THE MUSICAL FAMILY.

I belong to a musical lot,
I've sisters, and brothers, and cousins,
I've grandpas and grandmammass got,
And uncles, like oysters, in dozens.
We all of us instruments play,
We practise night, morning, and noon;
My father at six every day,
Gets up to awake the bassoon.

My grandmother, ninety about,
A widow was left all alone,
'Cos grandfather blew himself out,
One night on the gentle trombone.
My uncle Sam plays on the harp,
In a wild and inspired manner;
And my aunt plays three tunes in F sharp,
On a strong-minded Broadwood pianer.

My uncle Bill sits on a stool,
For his size he's uncommonly thin;
In the summer he keeps himself cool,
With airs on his own violin.
My young brother Tom, quite a boy,
Has written an op'ra called *Tasso*:
To sit up in bed is his joy,
And play his own tunes on the basso.

My great aunt's composed (she's a "Sim"),
Oratorios—one is called *Noë*,
And on Sundays she plays us a hymn
Arranged for the cheerful oboë.
My sister's attached to the flute;
And brings out most wonderful tones;
My nephew—a vulgar young brute—
Prefers nigger airs on the bones.

My youngest who says "dat" for "that,"
In fact he's of five the last comer,
Performs with two spoons on my hat,
And cries out, "Papa!—I'm a drummer."
My baby in arms has a way
Of playing the fife on its coral;
And my twins play the bag-pipes all day,
With a loyalty worthy Balmoral.

Through life we've in harmony passed
With a stock of some twenty or more tunes,
And a sum we've together amassed,
Which is equal to two or three fortunes.
Wherever our musical tribe
Took a house 'twas our aim, I admit it—
To make all our neighbours subscribe
A sum to induce us to quit it.

So all the great cities we've seen,
From the Thames to the banks of the Tiber;
And every one in 'em has been
A heartily willing subscriber.
As thus Europe we've done, the word's sharp—
To Jericho!—thither we'll hie,
To learn the neglected Jews' harp
From native professors. Good-bye!

Punch.

STUTTGART.—The following short biographical notice of Madame Agnes Schebest, the once highly-p.ular operatic singer, and subsequently the wife of Dr. D. Strauss, author of the *Life of Jesus*, has appeared in the German papers:—Agnes Schebest was born at Vienna on the 15th February, 1815, and, as the daughter of an Austrian officer, visited many different places in her youth. Her father's changes of garrison took her to Italy, where the first signs of her extraordinary vocal talent were manifested. On her return to Germany, Herr J. A. Miesch, in Dresden, undertook to continue her musical education. Besides playing small parts at the Dresden Theatre, she had to sing in the chorus, and to this she doubtless owed some part of her success as a dramatic artist. In 1833 she left Dresden, and at the Theatre in Pesth laid the foundations of the fame she subsequently enjoyed in Vienna, Gratz, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Breslau, Nuremberg, Strasburg, &c. She was exceedingly fine as Romeo, Fidelio, Medea, and Norma. She was less successful as Desdemona, Alice, Rosina, and other parts not requiring so much energy as those first named. After her marriage she retired from the stage.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEETHOVEN'S LAST DAYS.

By DR. FERDINAND HILLER.*

(Continued from page 19.)

On the 13th of March, Hummel took me for the second time with him to see Beethoven. The master was in bed, apparently in great pain, and sometimes groaning deeply; despite of this, however, he talked a great deal, and in a very animated manner. He seemed to take very much to heart the fact of his not being married. On our first visit, he had joked on the subject with Hummel, whose wife he had known as a young and handsome girl. "You," he said laughingly on this occasion to Hummel, "you are lucky; you have a wife who takes care of you, and who is in love with you—but I, poor wretch!"—he added, sighing deeply. He begged Hummel, moreover, to bring his wife, who had not been able to make up her mind to come and see the man whom she had known in all his vigour, now that he was in such a state. Some one had shown him, a short time previously, a picture of the house where Haydn was born—he had it near his bed and showed it us. "It caused me a childish delight," he said—"this cradle of so great a man!" He afterwards made a request to Hummel, regarding Schindler, subsequently so frequently mentioned. "He is a good fellow," he said, "and has taken a great deal of trouble about me. He intends giving a concert shortly, and I promised him my co-operation. But nothing will, probably, come of the promise. I should like you to do me the favour of playing on the occasion. One ought always to help on poor artists." Hummel, of course, consented. The concert took place—ten days after Beethoven's death—in the Josephstädter Theatre. Hummel extemporized in an evidently very inspired style on the Allegretto of the A major Symphony—the public knew the reason of his appearance; his performance and the way in which it was received formed a most inspiring whole.

Shortly after our second visit, a report was spread about Vienna that the London Philharmonic Society had sent Beethoven a hundred pounds sterling, to help him in his illness. It was added that the surprise had produced such an effect upon the poor great man, that he felt alleviated even bodily. When, on the 20th, we were again standing by his bedside, we gathered, it is true, from what he said, that this mark of attention had gratified him exceedingly, but he was very weak, speaking in a low voice, and in broken sentences. "I shall soon leave, probably, for above," he whispered after our greetings. Such exclamations frequently occurred; between them, however, he spoke of plans and hopes, which were, unfortunately, not destined to be realized. Referring to the noble conduct of the Philharmonic Society, he praised the English, and talked of making a journey to London, as soon as he was better. "I will compose them a grand overture and a grand symphony." Then he said he would pay Madame Hummel a visit (she had accompanied us), and go and stay at I know not how many places. We never once dreamed of writing down anything for him to read. His eye, which, the last time we had seen him, had been still tolerably animated, was now sunk, and he experienced a difficulty in raising himself from time to time. We could no longer give ourselves up to any delusion—the worst was to be feared.

But wretched indeed was the appearance of the extraordinary man when we again visited him, on the 23rd March—it was destined to be the last time. There he lay, faint and wretched, sometimes giving a low sigh. Not a word now escaped his lips—the sweat stood upon his forehead. It so happened that, on one occasion, he could not find his pocket-handkerchief when he required it. Hummel's wife took her tiny bit of delicate cambric, and wiped his face with it several times. Never shall I forget the grateful expression of his sunken eye, as it then looked up to her.

On the 26th March, while we were stopping in the art-loving house of Herr von Liebenberg (formerly a pupil of Hummel's), with a joyous party, we were surprised between five and six o'clock by a violent thunderstorm. There was a thick drizzling fall of snow, accompanied by loud claps of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, which completely illuminated the apartment. A few hours later, some guests arrived with the intelligence that Ludwig van Beethoven was no more—he had expired at a quarter to six. The peculiar coincidence of the natural phenomenon with the death of so great a man would, assuredly, in heathen times, or in times more devout than the present, not have been looked upon as merely accidental.

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 20th March. The friends invited met at the residence of the Deceased, Scharzpanier-Haus, No. 230, on the Glaci, outside the Schottenthor. The procession set out from there at three o'clock, and proceeded to the church of the Trinity. Night Capellmeister (marshals of art unstained with blood), Eybler, Hummel, Seifried, Krutzler, Weigl, Gyrowetz, Würfel, and Gänsbacher, held the corners of the pall. The coffin was decked with

garlands—but no orders lay upon it—Beethoven had never had one. A great number of musicians carrying tapers, surrounded the coffin (I can still see Lablache's immense form among them). The procession was endless; the masses of people moving along were to be counted by thousands—all Vienna seemed to be in the streets. Seifried had fitted a chorus for male voices to something of Beethoven's for trombones—the effect was most touching and impressive. I could not penetrate inside the church, but drove off with Hummel to the Währinger churchyard, that was, as it were, completely studded with human beings. We took up our position at the grave, and there awaited the arrival of the hearse. Up to the last moment it was undecided whether or no Anschütz, the celebrated actor, should deliver an oration written by Grillparzer—but it ended by Anschütz's delivering it outside the entrance to the churchyard, so that we lost this portion of the ceremony. After a somewhat considerable interval, the procession approached. The coffin was lowered into the ground—Hummel, profoundly moved, threw some laurel-wreaths upon it—others followed his example. There was, as far as I can remember, neither any further speaking nor singing, but every one appeared to feel deeply the solemnity of the moment, and a sentiment of profound respect and sorrow sighed, as it were, through the whole of the immense mass of the people.

There are not probably many now alive who were present at that regal burial in the full consciousness of the grandeur of the man whom the earth covered. But, since then, millions have grown up in whose intellectual life Beethoven occupies a place which no one else and nothing else could fill. It is not till its outer covering has turned to dust that true genius stands out in all its perfection, and that endless love surrounds him who has himself no love more to bestow.

(To be continued.)

CONCERTS VARIOUS

MADAME PUZZI'S first *soirée musicale* this season was held on Thursday week, at the residence of the Marquis of Downshire. Mdlle. Fanny Puzzi, Madame Calderon, Signors Gardoni, Ciabatta, Delle-Sedie, Mr. Trelawney Cobham, M. Romano, and Signor Bottesini were the artists. The concert gave evident satisfaction to a large and distinguished audience.

BOW AND BROMLEY INSTITUTE.—(From a Correspondent).—The second half of the winter season was opened by a musical entertainment on the 16th inst. The hall, which will accommodate from eight to nine hundred persons, was crowded. The artists were Miss Jessie Royd, soprano; Miss Adelaide Newton, contralto; Mr. Wallace Wells, tenor; Mr. R. Farquharson, basso; Mr. Benjamin Wells, solo flute; and Miss Amy Weddle, solo pianoforte. Miss Jessie Royd has become a great favourite in this locality. Miss Amy Weddle gave Benedict's "Welsh Fantasia" and W. H. Holmes' "Chimes of England," with considerable effect, and on being recalled, played Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home." This young lady exhibits very high promise. Mr. Benjamin Wells, in a flute solo (encored) made a genuine impression, while Mr. Farquharson, Miss Newton, and Mr. Wallace Wells each received deservedly cordial recognition.

BEETHOVEN AND MATHISON.—The following letter from Beethoven to Mathison, who wrote the words of Adelaide, is published in the *Blätter für Theater und Musik*:—

Most honoured sir, you herewith will receive a composition of mine, which has been engraved and published some years, and of which, perhaps, to my shame, you have never heard; to excuse myself and say why I dedicated to you something which came so warm from my heart, and yet let you know nothing about it, is what I cannot do, perhaps from the fact that I did not at first know your address, to learn whether I had your approval. I am indeed anxious on reading your Adelaide, you yourself are aware what changes a few years produce in an artist, who is always advancing, the greater progress a man makes in art, the less do his earlier works satisfy him—my warmest wish is satisfied if the musical composition of your heavenly Adelaide does not utterly displease you, and if you felt induced by it soon to produce such another such poem, and did not consider my request indiscreet to send it me at once, I would exert all my strength to come near your beautiful poetry—Look upon the dedication partly as a mark of the pleasure the composition of your A. afforded me, and partly as a mark of my gratitude and respect for the ineffable pleasure your poetry generally always occasioned me, and will occasion me,—remember sometimes when playing Adelaide
Vienna 1800 the 14th August.
your true admirer Beethoven.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *First Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

THE SOUND EFFECTS OF LARGE CHOIRS.

The choral portions of the music of the great oratorios and cantatas being written for performance by a considerable number of voices to each part, it appears to be taken for granted by many musicians that the vocal effect produced is, roughly speaking, proportional to the number of choristers employed, supposing that the machinery, by which a large number of singers is conducted, be sufficiently perfect to ensure unity and precision in the execution of the music. A somewhat opposite opinion is held by some eminent musicians, who contend that experience shows that a performance of choral music produces its greatest effect when executed by a chorus of two or three hundred voices, and that any considerable excess of this number cannot augment the musical result in any effectual degree, while it may impair the simultaneity of the execution. The following considerations, founded on physical laws, appear to show that in one important respect the latter opinion is supported by strong theoretical grounds.

It is well known that in all motions which take their origin from a point, as in the forces of light and heat and the phenomena of sound, the intensity of the effect decreases as the distance increases in the proportion of the square of the latter. This law is strictly true only when the origin is a mathematical point. In the case where, instead of one point, the origin is a plane formed by innumerable radiating points of force, the intensity does not diminish on increasing the distance at such a ratio as the above law would indicate. In the case of a surface, the amount of force received from any one point varies as the sine of the angle that the direction of this point makes with the surface. It follows that on increasing the distance from any one point we at the same time increase the angle of direction of others, so that the loss of intensity produced by distance is partly compensated for, and this is to a greater extent as the surface is more extensive. In the case of an infinite surface, the intensity is quite independent of distance, and depends only on the mean intensity of one point. This consequence of theory was experimentally shown to be true in the case of heat, by Melloni, who found that the heat sent out from a large flat case of hot water, and received by a thermopile, placed in various positions, remained constant in amount for some considerable distance.* The same effect is observed on a grander scale in the case of great city fires which extend over a large surface, where it is found that buildings, or other objects at considerable distances from the actual seat of conflagration ignite and burn as readily as if immediately adjoining, and can only be preserved by being constantly deluged with water from the fire-engines. This was strikingly shown at the great fire of London Bridge, where the barges lying in the river became heated, and burst into flames, as if spontaneously. It is this action, of large heated surface, that has erroneously led to the notion that a fire which could produce such effects at a distance must possess, necessarily, a higher intensity than fires of smaller proportions. The amount of heat increases with the extent of the fire, but the temperature produced is, *ceteris paribus*, the same. The same effect can be readily observed to be true in the case of light. The illumination from a large chandelier or sun-burner appears much the same at very different distances; and, if very large, may almost equal that of a single burner held near to the eye, which forms a limit of intensity which it can never quite equal, and *à fortiori* never surpass.

The above consequences of physical laws have been thus adduced, as they form special instances of the truth of those principles which are, for all practical purposes, equally true in the case of sound, though, from the nature of the case, their result is not made evident in so substantial a form.

Nevertheless, these principles find a direct application in the case of large choral performances. The arrangement of the singers in a large orchestra practically forms a great plane radiating sound, in which the mouths of the singers may be considered as the ultimate points. It is true that these points are not in contact, as in the case of a large surface of light or heat, but inasmuch as the space by which they are separated is small in comparison to the extent of orchestra, this circumstance will not appreciably affect the analogous result which must undoubtedly be predicted. The effect will be that at a wide range of distances, the power and volume of sound received by each individual of the audience will be the same in amount; a large number of persons may perceive the full effect of the music, but in no case can it be greater than that of a much smaller choir which is nearer to the hearer. In fact, the mistake of supposing that a double effect would be evident to an individual hearer by doubling the size of a choir, would be closely analogous to supposing that by doubling the size of a kitchen fire a joint could be roasted in half the time, instead of a capacity of roasting two joints in the place of one, which is the true consequence. At the last Handel Festival, the most surprising effect of the great concourse of performers was the unaccustomed and magnificent volume of sound; but this gave only a deceptive notion of grandeur, by leading the mind to attach the ordinary experience of the increased effect produced by nearer approach to sounding bodies. It is true that by judicious arrangements the perceived volume of tone can be somewhat increased by an orchestra shaped to ensure reflexion, but this cannot be done to any extent in works of complex harmony without the introduction of cacophonous echoes.

Finally, it appears that the main effect of the vast choral performances

* *Thermochrose*, p. 133, *et seq.*—Melloni also describes other experiments in which the heat sent out from a hot wall produced a constant effect on a thermopile which within wide limits were independent of distance.

which are now the fashion should be attributed to the impressive spectacle of a multitude simultaneously rehearsing the same musical and poetical ideas in united song to many thousand hearers—to the effect of the scene on the imagination—than to any increase of musical or tonal effect experienced by the individual listener. It follows, as an immediate corollary to the foregoing arguments, that the direct means of increasing the power of sound produced by a vocal orchestra is the somewhat impracticable one of increasing the power of the individual voices constituting the same—*i.e.*, to increase the intensity of each point in the plane of sound. J. B.

TROUBLESOME CHOIRS.

We take the following from the *Cincinnati Commercial* :—

"I once attended at a church which had one of those troublesome choirs. This church's finances were rather thin, but its spirit was lofty and progressive, and it hired an itinerant negro minstrel-troop, that had gone into summer-training, to do the job of singing. Things swung along finely for a while. The melodious band of sacred songsters was fresh and in excellent training, and it poured out hymns and psalms from the gallery, upon the sinners below, in a style that made them feel good to their very boots. The church was encouraged, reserved seats were sold at a high rate, and the congregation, once small and bilious, suddenly grew numerous and enthusiastic. Before the summer engagement was over, however, it became apparent that there was disaffection in the choir. The members didn't agree, and they became dissatisfied with the way they were treated. One Sunday morning, when the opening hymn had been given out, there was silence in the gallery until the centre man stepped forward and announced that never a note would be sung until the management came down with the tin. A little confusion ensued, but a collection was promptly taken up, arrears were paid, and the performance went smoothly for that day. But the principal trouble among the singers was that they didn't get along amicably among themselves. Bones, at one end, held an old grudge at the tambourinist at the other end. Tenor was always trying to pick a fight with Falsetto, and Bassopropendo had sworn, not loud but deep, that he would lick Air upon the first opportunity. The organist was sincere, but the wind-pumper looked upon him with no favourable eye. It was on a bright Sabbath morning that the choir appeared somewhat late, and it was observable that there had been a storm. Bones' head was awfully banged up, and was worse disfigured with his endeavour to weld it together with sticking plaster. Bassopropendo's actions betrayed the sad fact that he had been back-sliding to the extent of sliding in at the back door of a saloon for a Sunday drink, while the tambourinist's optics appeared as if he had come away imperfectly washed from a burnt-cork exhibition. The organist ground out his prelude, during which it was evident from the groans and shrieks in the rear of the instrument that the wind-pumper was doing his level best to burst the bellows; and the singers performed their part of the opening service in a very creditable manner. The sermon dragged its weary length along to the middle; the congregation tranquilly slept in their pews; peace reigned throughout the temple—when suddenly there arose a racket in the gallery that startled the slumberers from their repose, and snapped the tough old sermon in twain. Louder grew the din of shuffling feet, overturning furniture, horrible oaths, and tearing coats. Like a rocket, came shooting over and downward into the congregation, the Tenor, with a tail of three chairs, a bench, and several hats. Consternation and alarm were depicted on every countenance, and there was soon manifested a decided inclination to bolt for the door, when a man appeared at the edge of the gallery, calmly waving his hand and shouting 'Keep your seats! keep your seats! It is only a little misunderstanding in the choir.'"

WAIFS.

The funeral of the late popular actor, Mr. Paul Bedford, took place at Norwood Cemetery on Thursday afternoon. The procession, a very unostentatious one, the eldest son of deceased being chief mourner, left Lindsay Place, Chelsea, at midday.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has reason to believe King William intends leaving Versailles for a short time. [From other quarters we hear that "the Victorious" has composed a grand piece of music, to be played by all the refugees from Paris now in London.—A. S. S.]

At the Ballad Concert on Wednesday two new songs, the profits of the sale of which Messrs. Boosey & Co. (the publishers) intend devoting to the benefit of the sufferers by the war, were introduced by Miss Edith Wynne ("He doesn't love me") and Mr. Sims Reeves ("The farewell letter"). The composer is Miss Louisa Gray.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller will arrive in London in March for the season. Among other reasons for the advent of the eminent master is that he is to conduct his *Nala and Damayanti* (produced at the last Birmingham Festival) at one of Mr. Joseph Barnby's "Oratorio Concerts" in St. James's Hall.

On Saturday last, at St. James's Hall while W. Cook, jun., and Joseph Bennett (champion) were engaged in one of their weekly exhibition matches, Cook outdid all previous performances with the

cue. The following are the particulars:—The game was 1,000 up. Early in the game Cook made breaks of 90, 94, and 108, when the score was called—Cook 350 to Bennett 218. Cook then had to play, and won the game off the balls. From 350 he got by all round play to 393. He then obtained position for his favourite spot stroke, and made 37 spots, bringing him to 504. He then lost the spot, but continued to play an all round game, scoring up to 544, when he had the spot again, and made 85 consecutive hazards, his total now being 799. At 796 there was an interval for refreshments. On returning he made the eighty-fifth spot, then added 9 by all round play, and at 808 got the spot again. He then made 64 more consecutive spots, bringing him to 1,000, which won the game, with an unfinished break of 650. Being requested to finish the break, he made 34 more spots, when he broke down. The total break was 752, and the total number of spots 220. He scored the 1,000 in one hour 37 minutes, much the fastest on record, and in all he made 1,102 points in one hour 44 minutes. The break (752) has never been equalled at the English game, the nearest approach to it being Cook's own break of 513 at Swansea. It is more than twice as large as the largest break ever made by any other player—viz., 346 points, by Roberts, sen., some years ago. [As most musicians are partial to the beautiful game of billiards, none of our readers will peruse the foregoing without interest.]

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal (Part 9., Vol. II.) for January, 1871." "House of Israel," full anthem, by Charles Henry Shepherd. HUNT & SON (Liverpool).—"The Bride of Lora," waltzes by J. F. Willey. J. WILLIAMS.—"When we two parted," song by William Leach. OLIVER, DITSON, & Co. (New York).—"King Macbeth," song for Baritone; words by Owen Meredith, music by F. Booth. LAMBORN COCK & Co.—Military March, for the pianoforte, by C. H. Shepherd.

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